ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING

DIRE STRAITS

DOWN TO THE WATERLINE

Sweet surrender on the quayside
You remember we used to run and hide
In the shadow of the cargoes I take you one time
And we're counting all the numbers down to the waterline

Near misses on the dogleap stairways
French kisses in the darkened doorways
A foghorn blowing out wild and cold
A policeman shines a light upon my shoulder

Up comes a coaster fast and silent in the night
Over my shoulder all you can see are the pilot lights
No money in our jackets and our jeans are torn
Your hands are cold but your lips are warm

She can see him on the jetty where they used to go
She can feel him in the places where the sailors go
When she's walking by the river and the railway line
She can still hear him whisper
Let's go down to the waterline

WATER OF LOVE

High and dry in the long hot day
Lost and lonely every way
Got the flats all around me sky up above
I need a little water of love

I've been too long lonely and my heart feels pain
Crying out for some soothing rain
I believe I have taken enough
I need a little water of love

Water of love deep in the ground
No water here to be found
Some day baby when the river runs free
It'll carry that water of love to me

There's a bird up in a tree sitting up high
Waiting for me to die
If I don't get some water soon
I'll be dead and gone in the afternoon

Once I had a woman I could call my own
Once I had a woman now my woman is gone
Once there was a river now there's a stone
You know it's evil when you're living alone

SETTING ME UP

You say I'm the greatest bound for glory
Well the word is out and I learned
I got the latest side of the story
You're pulling out before you get burned

Well your hands are squeezing me down to the bone
I never saw you breaking no law
Stands to reason I've got to leave you alone
What you taking me for

You're setting me up to put me down
You're making me out to be your clown
You're just setting me up to put me down
You better give it up
Quit your messing around

You think I care about your reaction
You think I don't understand
All you wanted was a piece of the action
Now you talk about another man

SIX BLADE KNIFE

Your six blade knife can do anything for you
Anything you want it to
One blade for breaking my heart
One blade for tearing me apart
Your six blade knife – do anything for you

You can take away my mind like you take away the top of a tin
When you come up from behind and lay it down cold on my skin
Took a stone from my soul when I was lame
Just so you could make me tame
You take away my mind like you take away the top of a tin

I'd like to be free of it now – I don't want it no more
I'd like to be free of it now – you know I don't want it no more

Everybody got a knife it can be just what they want it to be
A needle a wife or something that you just can't see

You know it keeps you strong
Yes and it'll do me wrong
Your six blade knife – do anything for you

SOUTHBOUND AGAIN

Southbound again I don't know if I'm going or leaving home
Boy got to be moving
Seems like the boy is bound to roam

Southbound again got no money I've got no place to go
That woman's with her lover boy
Never want to see her face no more

Every single time I roll across the rolling River Tyne
I get the same old feeling
Every time I'm moving down the line

Southbound again last night I felt like crying
Right now I'm sick of living
But I'm going to keep on trying

SULTANS OF SWING

You get a shiver in the dark
It's raining in the park but meantime
South of the river you stop and you hold everything
A band is blowing Dixie double four time
You feel alright when you hear that music ring

You step inside but you don't see too many faces
Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down
Too much competition too many other places
But not too many horns can make that sound
Way on downsouth way on downsouth London town

You check out Guitar George he knows all the chords
Mind he's strictly rhythm he doesn't want to make it cry or sing
And an old guitar is all he can afford
When he gets up under the lights to play his thing

And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene
He's got a daytime job he's doing alright
He can play honky tonk just like anything
Saving it up for Friday night
With the Sultans with the Sultans of Swing

And a crowd of young boys they're fooling around in the corner
Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their platform soles
They don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band
It ain't what they call rock and roll
And the Sultans played Creole

And then the man he steps right up to the microphone
And says at last just as the time bell rings
'Thank you goodnight now it's time to go home'
and he makes it fast with one more thing
'We are the Sultans of Swing'

IN THE GALLERY

Harry made a bareback rider proud and free upon a horse
And a fine coalminer for the NCB that was
A fallen angel and Jesus on the cross
A skating ballerina you should have seen her do the skater's waltz

Some people have got to paint and draw
Harry had to work in clay and stone
Like the waves coming to the shore
It was in his blood and in his bones
Ignored by all the trendy boys in London and in Leeds
He might as well have been making toys or strings of beads
He could not be in the gallery

And then you get an artist says he doesn't want to paint at all
He takes an empty canvas and sticks it on the wall
The birds of a feather all the phonies and all of the fakes
While the dealers they get together
And they decide who gets the breaks
And who's going to be in the gallery

No lies he wouldn't compromise
No junk no bits of string
And all the lies we subsidise
That just don't mean a thing
I've got to say he passed away in obscurity
And now all the vultures are coming down from the tree
So he's going to be in the gallery

WILD WEST END

Stepping out to Angellucci's for my coffee beans
Checking out the movies and the magazines
Waitress she watches me crossing from the Barocco Bar
I'm getting a pickup for my steel guitar
I saw you walking out Shaftesbury Avenue
Excuse me talking I wanna marry you
This is seventh heaven street to me
Don't be so proud
You're just another angel in the crowd
And I'm walking in the wild west end
Walking with your wild best friend

And my conductress on the number nineteen
She was a honey
Pink toenails and hands all dirty with money
Greasy hair easy smile
Made me feel nineteen for a while
And I went down to Chinatown
In the backroom it's a man's world
All the money go down
Duck inside the doorway gotta duck to eat
Right now feels alright now
You and me we can't beat

And a gogo dancing girl yes I saw her
The deejay he say here's Mandy for ya
I feel alright to see her
But she's paid to do that stuff
She's dancing high I move on by
The close ups can get rough
When you're walking in the wild west end

LIONS

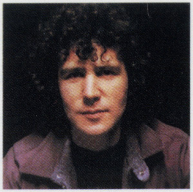
Red sun go down way over dirty town
Starlings are sweeping around crazy shoals
A girl is there high heeling across the square
Wind blows around in her hair and the flags upon the poles
Waiting in the crowd to cross at the light
She looks around to find a face she can like.

Church bell clinging on trying to get a crowd for Evensong
Nobody cares to depend upon the chime it plays
They're all in the station praying for trains
Congregation late again
It's getting darker all the time these flagpole days
Drunk old soldier he gives her a fright
He's a crazy lion howling for a fight.

Strap hanging gunshot sound
Doors slamming on the overground
Starlings are tough but the lions are made of stone
Her evening paper is horror torn
But there's hope later for Capricorns
Her lucky stars give her just enough to get her home
Then she's reading about a swing to the right
But she's thinking about a stranger in the night
I'm thinking about the lions tonight
What happened to the lions.

MARK KNOPFLER
Vocals, lead & rhythm guitars

DAVID KNOPFLER
Rhythm guitar



JOHN ILLSLEY
Bass

PICK WITHERS
Drums

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